

MODERN

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

No. 89

10¢

BLACKHAWK
upsets the deadly
**FEAST of
JUGAR!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Jim Prentice

IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE THIS ARE BROUGHT INDOORS BY ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO CALL THE GAME BECAUSE OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US HERE! NOW ADMIT YOU WERE FIDDLING WHEN YOU SAID 'WE'D FINISH THE GAME IN YOUR HOME'!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN CONTINUE THE PLAY ON THIS ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

SAY, THAT LOOKS SHARP! LET'S PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD—A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE TRIGGER BAT. YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE HIM OUT, TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE WINNER! THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING GAME I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING" THE BAT AT THE RIGHT SPLIT SECOND AND KEEP TRACK OF STRIKES, BALLS, HITS, OUTS, RUNS, INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL—I'M ALL SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET AS EXCITING AS CAN BE!



SPECIAL \$3

If you act fast

The 1949 Tasty Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long life batteries, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 14 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the much-anticipated, tested by the colorful color repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAY TRIAL



STILL BALL SHOOT THROUGH SET!

COORDED LIGHTS FLASH THE PLAY

BATTER MUST BE ON THE BUTTON TO "CONNECT"

SWITCH SHOWS ALL CLOSE PLAYS



The world's No. 1 gift

Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy! Be first to own this Tasty Model Electric Baseball Game. Move your chair over for some fun, REAL FUN—for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball reaches into the "electric fence." Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football game, because they are Electric!" Endorsed by parents, tennis coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO., 94 First Street
METHUEN, MASS.

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.
94 First St. Methuen, Mass.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

- TASTY MODEL**
- ☐ Electric Baseball \$2.98
 - ☐ Electric Football \$2.98
- NEW SUPER MODEL**
- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
 - ☐ Electric Football \$3.00
- CASH or C.O.D.**
- ☐ Full payment with order —no collection
 - ☐ Send \$1 deposit, C.O.D. balance collect later
- All Items Insured

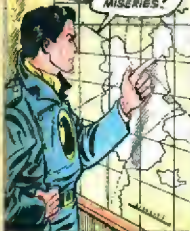
BLACKHAWK



JUGARIA... LAND OF MAJESTY AND MURDER...
OF HISTORY AND HUNGER! RAVAGED BY FAMINE
AND THE AFTERMATH OF WAR, LIFE HANGS BY THE
SLENDER THREAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF SUPPLIES!
NOW A DARK AND SENSELESS BLACK MARKET
RING WOULD DESTROY EVEN THAT PITIFUL HOPE...
UNTIL THE **BLACKHAWKS**, GALLANT
FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM, REACHED BACK INTO
HISTORY TO BECOME GRIM SPECTRES AT...

"**THE FEAST OF JUGAR!**"

LITTLE JUGARIA, LAST STRONGHOLD OF ABSOLUTE MONARCHY, HAS NEVER BEEN A HAPPY COUNTRY... BUT THE LATE WAR BROUGHT DEEFER MISERIES!



BOMBS DESTROYED THE FEW FACTORIES THAT GAVE HER PEOPLE EMPLOYMENT...



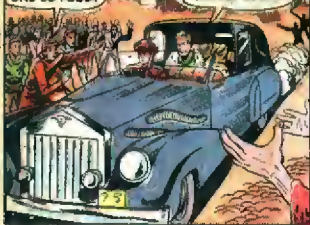
"ENEMY TANKS RAVAGED HER FERTILE FIELDS!"



"THE BLACK HORSEMAN OF STARVATION RODE THROUGH THE LAND!"

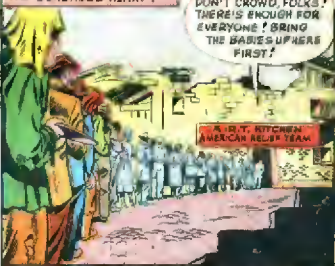
FOOD, YOUR EXCELLENCY! FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY, GIVE US FOOD!

FASTER, ADDO! RIDE OVER THE SWINE IF THEY GET IN OUR WAY!



"BUT FROM ACROSS THE SEA, A GREAT NATION OPENED ITS GENEROUS HEART!"

DON'T CROWD, FOLKS! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE! BRING THE BABES UP HERE FIRST!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE LAST DROP OF SOUP, MISS JONES!

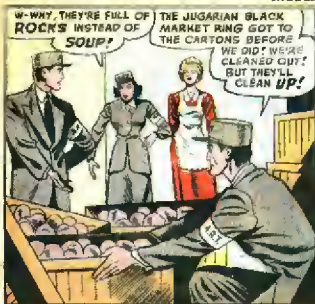
THERE'S PLENTY OF SOUP, COUNTESS SULANA! THE BOYS WILL HAVE MORE CASES OPEN IN JUST A MOMENT! NOBODY WILL GO HUNGRY!



WHERE'S THE NEW SOUP SUPPLY, JED?

I'M AFRAID THERE ISN'T ANY, BETTY! YOU'D BETTER COME BACK AND HAVE A LOOK AT OUR NEW SHIPMENT...





W-WHY, THEY'RE FULL OF ROCKS INSTEAD OF SOUP!

THE JUGARIAN BLACK MARKET RING GOT TO THE CARTONS BEFORE WE DID! WE'RE CLEANED OUT! BUT THEY'LL CLEAN UP!



TODD BAD, MY DEAR! BUT SINCE THERE IS NO MORE SOUP TO BE SERVED, I'LL LEAVE! I HAVE MUCH TO DO!

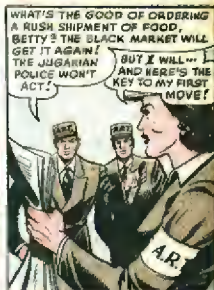
RUN ALONG, COUNTS... AND THANKS FOR GIVING US A LIFT! FOR ROYALTY, YOU'RE OKAY!



BLESS YOU, HIGHNESS, FOR YOUR MERCIES! WHAT? YOU FILTHY ANIMAL! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TOUCHING MY GOWN? NOW I'LL HAVE TO BURN THIS AND SEND FOR A NEW ONE!



TO THE CASTLE, APPO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS STUPID MASQUERADE... AND I HAVE NEWS FOR JUGAR!



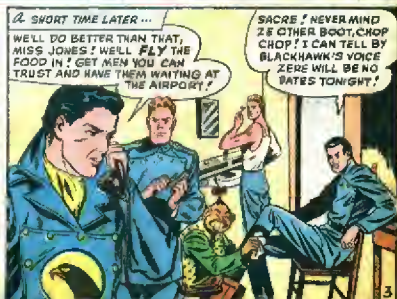
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF ORDERING A RUSH SHIPMENT OF FOOD, BETTY? THE BLACK MARKET WILL GET IT AGAIN! THE JUGARIAN POLICE WON'T ACT!

BUT I WILL... AND HERE'S THE KEY TO MY FIRST MOVE!



THE BLACKHAWKS ARE JUST ACROSS THE BORDER! I'M GOING TO CALL AND ASK THEM TO GUARD THE FOOD SHIPMENT! THEY'LL HELP!

Ludost Times
FAMOUS BLACKHAWKS IN LUDOST! BAND TO RELAX HERE FOLLOWING SPY CAPTURE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

WE'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, MISS JONES! WE'LL FLY THE FOOD IN! GET MEN YOU CAN TRUST AND HAVE THEM WAITING AT THE AIRPORT!

SACRE! NEVER MIND THE OTHER BOOT, CHOP CHOP! I CAN TELL BY BLACKHAWK'S VOICE THERE WILL BE NO DATES TONIGHT!

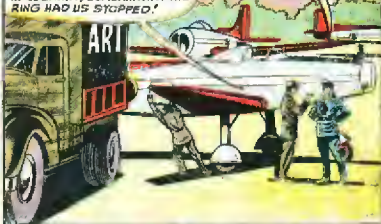
...AND THAT'S THE SETUP, GANG! OUR FIRST JOB IS OPERATION GRUBLINE... TO FLY IN A LOAD OF FOOD TO AVERT STARVATION! THEN WE CAN GO AFTER THE SWINE BEHIND THE HIJACKING!



AN HOUR LATER...

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS TO US, ON TO THE STARVING THOUSANDS IN JUGARIA, BLACKHAWK! THE RING HAD US STOPPED!

WE'LL LOOK INTO THE BLACK MARKET RING AS SOON AS THE FOOD IS SAFELY DELIVERED!



BE CAREFUL, BLACKHAWK! THE RING IS SO POWERFUL NEITHER THE JUGARIAN POLICE NOR THEIR ARMY DARED HELP US GET THROUGH!

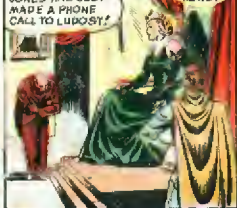
THAT'S FINE! THE BIGGER THE RAT, THE BETTER THE HUNTING! WE'LL KEEP YOUR HEADQUARTERS POSTED ON DEVELOPMENTS!



MEANWHILE, IN JUGARIA...

EXCELLENCY, WE TAPPED THE RELIEF OFFICE TELEPHONE: MISS JONES HAS JUST MADE A PHONE CALL TO LUDOST!

ORDERING ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF FOOD FOR US TO STEAL? THAT IS GOOD NEWS!



BAD NEWS, EXCELLENCY! THE BLACK-HAWKS ARE FLYING IT IN! WE DARE NOT STRIKE WHILE THEY ARE ON GUARD!

WHAT? THOSE MEDDLING DOGS HERE IN JUGARIA! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE THEY CAN FATHOM OUR SECRET!



SEND BRUTA AT ONCE... AND CONTACT OUR AGENTS IN LUDOST!

AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY!



WE MUST MOVE FAST, YOUR HIGHNESS! IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR THE FEAST OF JUGAR! HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION TO STRIKE?

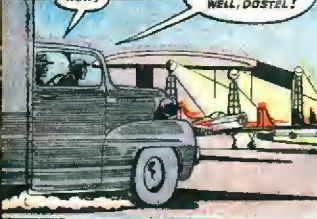
YES, JUGAR, ONLY HURRY AND DESTROY THIS DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT SO I CAN OCCUPY THE THRONE AS ROYAL RULER!



And SOON AFTERWARD...

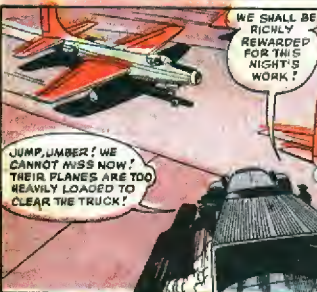
"WE WERE CALLED JUST IN TIME! THE CURSED BLACKHAWKS ARE WARMING UP FOR THE TAKEOFF EVEN NOW!"

"WE CAN'T STOP THEM ALL... BUT IF WE DESTROY BLACKHAWK HIMSELF, THEIR GROUP WILL QUICKLY FALL APART! AIM WELL, DOSE!"

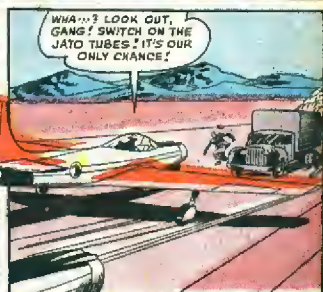


"ALL SET, GANG! THEN LET'S GO! AND WATCH OUT FOR TREACHERY!"

"MAIS OUI! LET US HURRY! MY FINGERS ITCH FOR A BLACK MARKET THROAT!"



"JUMP, UMBER! WE CANNOT HISS NOW! THEIR PLANES ARE TOO HEAVILY LOADED TO CLEAR THE TRUCK!"



THE JATO (JET ASSISTED TAKE-OFF) TUBES BLAST THE HEAVILY LOADED PLANES ALMOST STRAIGHT UP!

"AW, WE HAD A GOOD TWO INCHES TO SPARE, BLACKHAWK!"

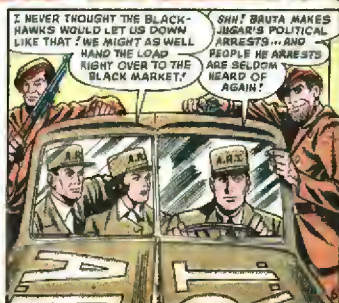
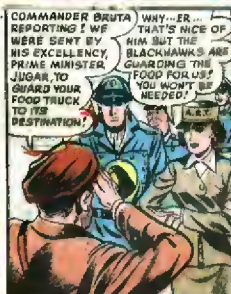
"KEEP CLIMBING! I WANT TO LAY ONE OF MY NEW COLOR EGGS ON THOSE MONKEYS! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TEST MY INVENTION!"

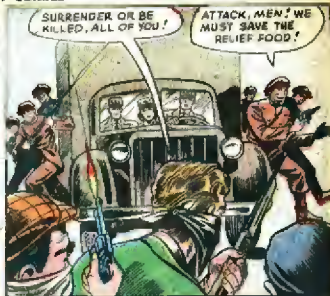


"LOOK OUT!"



"BLACKHAWK TO FIELD! YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE PICKING UP THE MEN WHO TRIED TO BLOCK OUR TAKE-OFF! THEY'LL BE COATED WITH A BRIGHT GREEN DYE THAT WON'T WASH OFF!"





A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HAVE SUCCEEDED! BEYOND OUR HOPE, EXCELLENCE! WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE FOOD BUT THE BLACKHAWKS WHO TRIED TO GUARD IT!

SPLENDID! THEY CAN DIE SECRETLY AND THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THEM!



I HAVE AN IDEA, YOUR HIGHNESS! THEIR EXECUTION CAN BE THE MAIN EVENT AT THE FEAST OF JUGAR!

AN EXCELLENT PLAN, JUGAR! WHEN MY FAMILY RULED JUGARIA, WE OFTEN ENTERTAINED THE PEASANTS WITH EXECUTIONS!



I MAY BE MISTAKEN, BUT I THOUGHT JUGARIA HAD GONE DEMOCRATIC AND WAS PREPARING TO ELECT A PRESIDENT!

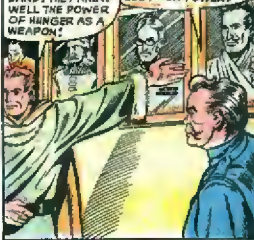
HO-HO! THERE ARE POOR, DELUDED FOOLS EVERYWHERE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY WHO BELIEVE THAT!

WE LET THEM STARVE WHILE THEY PLAY AT DEMOCRACY! NEXT WEEK, AT THE FEAST OF JUGAR, THEY WILL BE GLAD TO EXCHANGE FREEDOM FOR FULL BELLIES!



FROM EARLIEST HISTORY, A JUGAR HAS BEEN PRIME MINISTER OF THE LAND! THEY KNEW WELL THE POWER OF HUNGER AS A WEAPON!

HIMMEL! VOT KIND OF BEAST WOULD STARVE THOUSANDS TO SATISFY HIS OWN LUST FOR POWER!



I GET IT! YOU FIGURE STARVATION KILLS OFF THE WEAK AND MAKES THE STRONG MORE WILLING TO SELL OUT TO YOUR CROWD!

OF COURSE! OF WHAT OTHER USE ARE THE PEASANTS BUT TO PAY AND DIE? AND THOSE WITH NOTHING TO PAY CAN ONLY DIE!

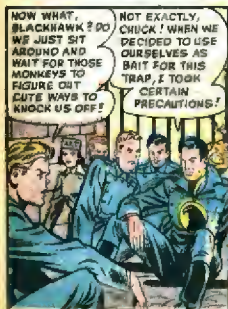
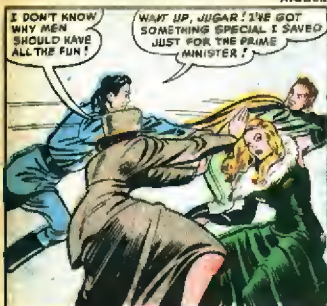


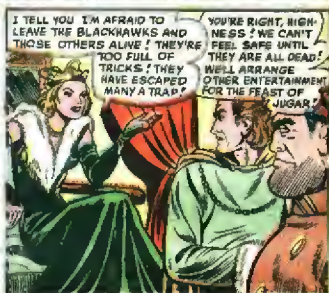
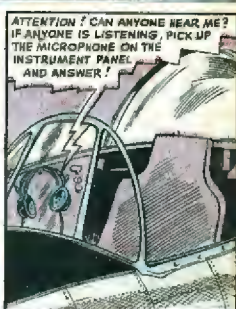
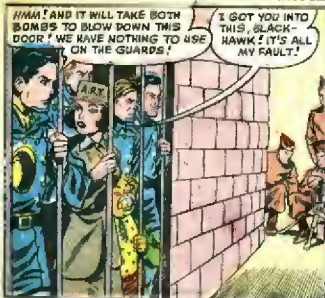
THEN YOU STOLE THE RELIEF FOOD...NOT FOR THE BLACK MARKET BUT FOR SOME MAD FEAST OF YOUR OWN?

THE FEAST OF JUGAR WAS A CREATION OF MY ANCESTOR, BLACK JUGAR! I AM REVIVING IT...AS WE REVIVE ALL THE EVIDENCES OF JUGARIA'S PAST GLORY!









TAKE MACHINE GUNNERS TO THE DUNGEON, BRUTA! MACHINE GUN THEM THROUGH THE BARS! TAKE NO CHANCES AND MAKE SURE ALL ARE DEAD!

AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY... AND WITH PLEASURE!

KEEP CALLING, CHUCK! MY VOICE IS ABOUT WORN OUT!

OKAY, BLACKHAWK... BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S A WASTED EFFORT! EVEN IF SOMEONE HEARS, WHAT COULD THEY DO?

ANSWER IF YOU HEAR THIS! ANYONE WHO HEARS THIS... ANSWER!

STAY HERE! WE MUST HAVE FOOD OR DIE AND THERE MAY BE A MORSEL IN THE PLANES OF THE BLACKHAWKS!

DOES ANYONE HEAR THIS? LIFT THE MICROPHONE AND ANSWER! YOUR LIVES DEPEND UPON IT!

WHA...? A VOICE! I'D BETTER RUN! IF JUGAR'S MEN FOUND ME HERE THEY WOULD KILL ME...

I'LL TAKE IT AGAIN! MAYBE WE NEED A STRONGER APPEAL

FOOD! TONS AND TONS OF FOOD! ANSWER AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE!

THERE IS FOOD FOR EVERYONE, FREE! ONLY ANSWER THIS CALL!

FOOD! IT IS A TRICK... BUT MY BABY IS STARVING!

COME ALONG! WE'LL STAND BACK FOR SAFETY AND FIRE UNTIL ALL ARE RIDDLED!

DON'T WORRY! WE TAKE NO CHANCES WITH THOSE BLACKHAWKS! LET'S GO QUICKLY!

JUST LIFT THE MOUTHPIECE HANGING ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL! LIFT IT AND SPEAK SO WE'LL KNOW YOU HEAR US!

FOOD FOR MY WIFE AND BABY! I WILL SPEAK! I'D DIE IF THEY COULD LIVE!



I HEAR YOU! THIS IS BLACKHAWK! WHO IS IT? LISTEN... THE STOLEN FOOD IS IN JUGAR'S CASTLE! THERE IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE AND TO SPARE! HE STOLE IT!



IT IS A TRICK! IT MUST BE! YOU ARE LYING TO TRAP ME! HAVE THE BLACK-HAWKS EVER LIED? JUGAR IS YOUR ENEMY! HE WANTS TO STARVE YOU INTO SLAVERY! HE STOLE ALL YOUR FOOD!



GET ALL THE PEOPLE AT ONCE! COME TO THE CASTLE AND FORCE YOUR WAY IN! THE FOOD IS HERE, WAITING! YOU HAVE BLACKHAWK'S WORD!

WE WILL COME! FOOD... FOOD... FOOD...



FOOD! ALL OUR STOLEN FOOD IS IN THE CASTLE! GET CLUBS AND ROCKS! BLACKHAWK IS WAITING THERE WITH OUR FOOD!

JUGAR LET US STARVE WHILE HE HAD FOOD! KILL JUGAR! DOWN WITH ROYALTY!



HE'S GONE! WE CAN ONLY HOPE HE'LL GET HERE WITH A MOB AND GET HERE FAST!

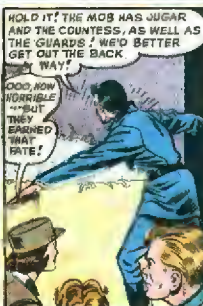
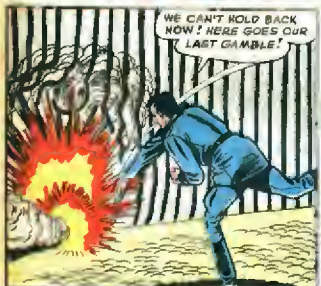
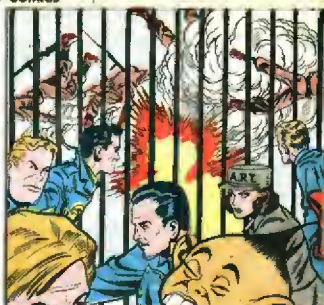
YUMPIN' YUPITER, BLACKHAWK! FAST BAN NOT FAST ENOUGH! OUR TIME YUST RAN OUT!



IT IS NICE THEY ARE LINED UP AND WAITING! FIRE AT WILL... ONLY MAKE SURE NOT ONE ESCAPES!

GET BACK, EVERYBODY-- BACK TO THE FAR END OF THE CELL!





EZRA

SEE, EZRA!
THIS SHOULD
PROVE CLOTHES
DON'T MAKE
THE MAN!

THEY MAY NOT
MAKE THE
MAN, BUT THEY
SURE CAN
BREAK
HIM!



I THINK IT WOULD
BE MEAN OF YOU
NOT TO INVITE
EZRA TO YOUR
PRE-VACATION
PARTY!

ER... YOU SEE,
MYRNA, I JUST
DIDN'T WANT EZRA
TO FEEL OUT OF
PLACE! IT'S GOING
TO BE A PLUSH
AFFAIR!

AND MY GUESTS
WILL BE FORMALLY
DRESSED! I DOUBT
IF EZRA OWNS A
TUXEDO!

HI, MYRNA! WHAT'S
THIS BEEF ABOUT
EZRA, DILSBURY?



YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY ABOUT MY PAL! HE HAS MORE TUXEDOS THAN YOUR DAD HAS AUTOMOBILES!

SEE, DEAH! YOU CAN INVITE EZRA!

SURE! I'LL INVITE HIM! I WANT TO SEE WHAT A CIVIL WAR TUXEDO LOOKS LIKE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT EZRA, PAL! HE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!

Later that afternoon...

SO YOU'RE TO PICK MYRNA UP AT EIGHT... I GUESS I TOLD DILSBURY!

GREAT! NOW MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE I CAN PICK UP A TUX?

THAT'S EASY! JUST RENT ONE FOR THE EVENING!

JOKES YET! I'M FLATTER THAN A TENNIS COURT!

HMM... I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PARTY, BUT I'LL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP THAT WOLF DILSBURY AWAY FROM MYRNA!

YOUR DAD'S HOME! HOW ABOUT PUTTING THE BITE ON HIM FOR A LOAN?

After a long, sad story...

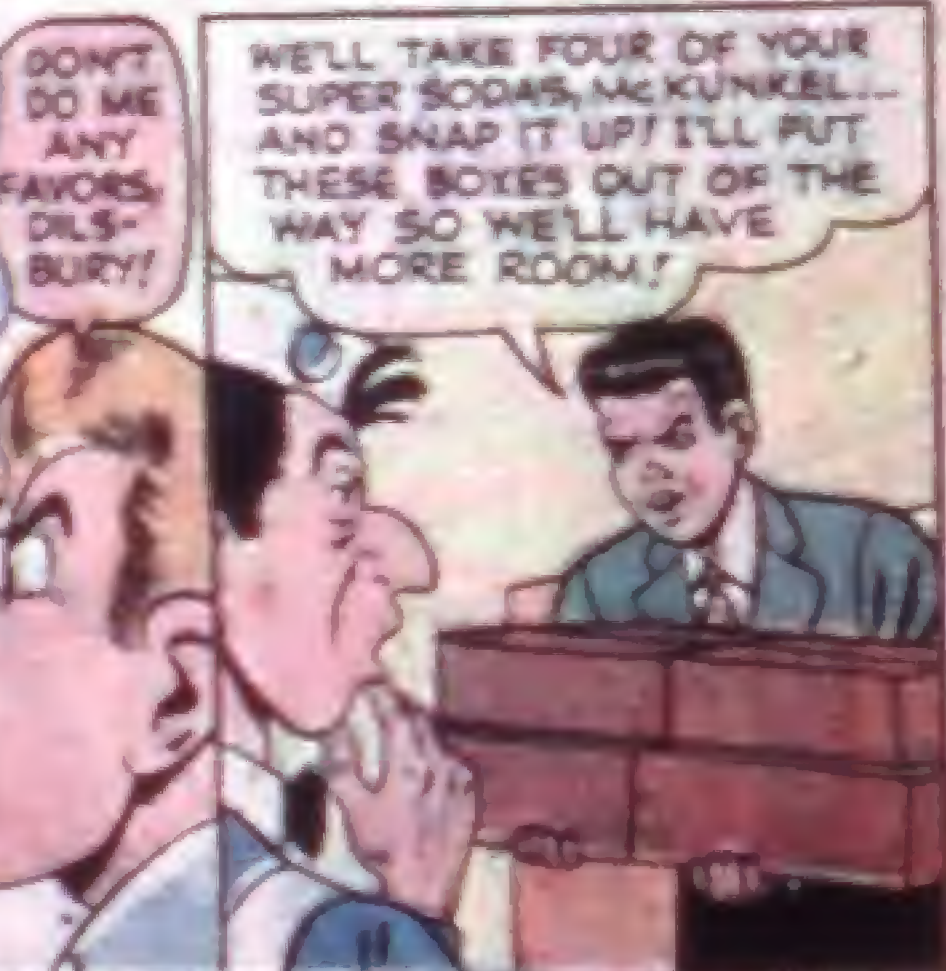
SO I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD ADVANCE ME NEXT MONTH'S ALLOWANCE!

HAH! YOU'RE THREE MONTHS OVERDRAWN NOW! BETWEEN YOU AND MOTHER I HAVE TO BE A MAGICIAN NOT TO GO BANKRUPT!

JUST REMEMBER, YOUNG MAN, THAT CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MAN!

THE ANSWER'S NO, HUH, DAD?

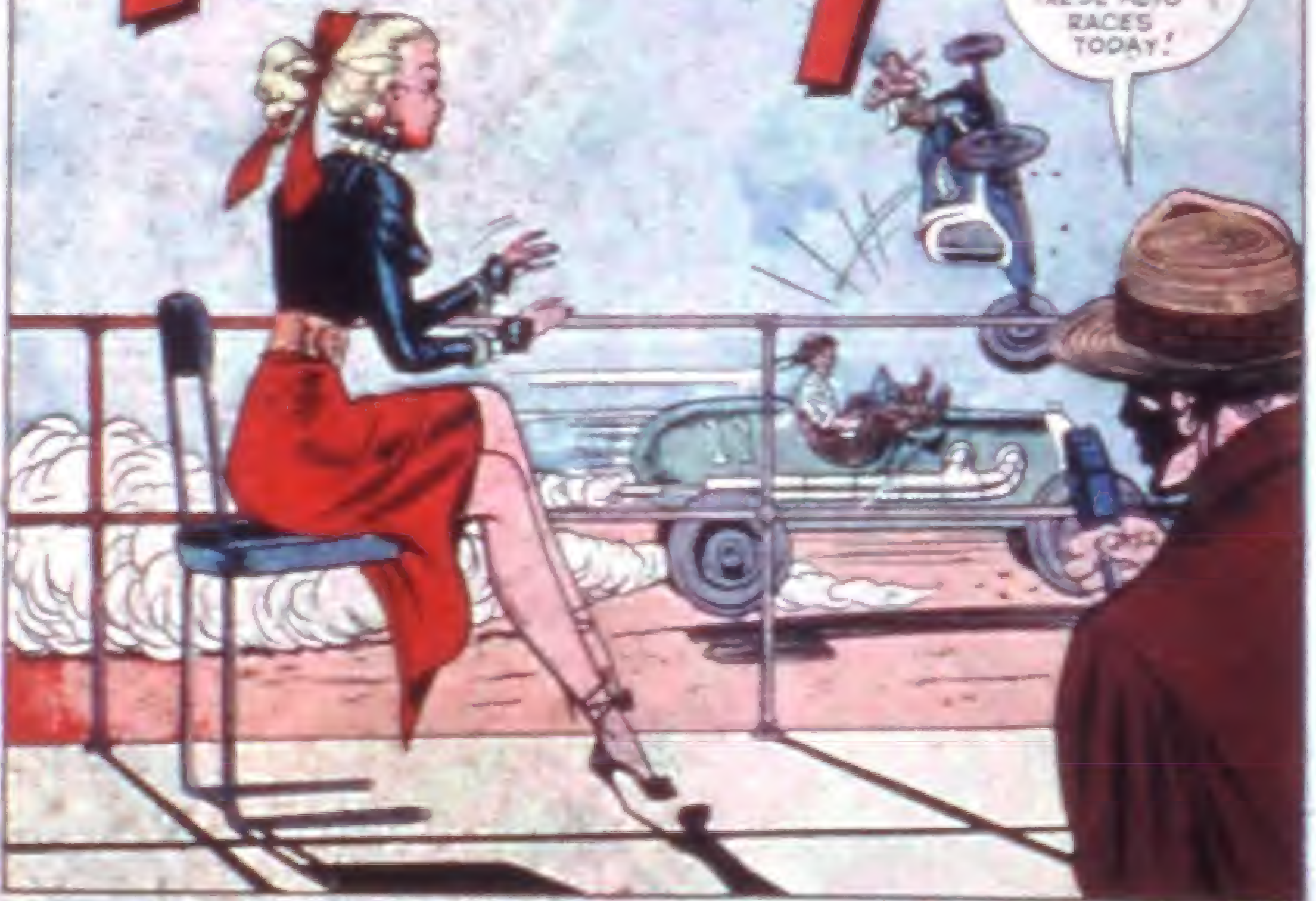






Torchy

FOR SOME
STRANGE
REASON
THERE ARE
MORE CRASHES
THAN USUAL AT
THESE AUTO
RACES
TODAY!



WE GOTTA WIN THE
AUTO RACE THIS
AFTERNOON! I'VE PUT
FIFTY GRAND ON
MY CAR!

DON'T WORRY,
BOSS! YOU
KNOW I'M THE
BEST DRIVER
IN THE BUSINESS!

YEAR! BUT YOU
STILL COULD LOSE!
I GOTTA MAKE SURE
OF THIS!





NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE CLUTCH ALL THE TIME!

BUT IT'S SO REST-FUL!



LOOK OUT! YOU'LL HIT SOMEBODY!

WELL, MY GOODNESS! I SHOULD THINK I HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE ROAD AS HE HAS!



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GAWKING AT? NAKKA GET US KILLED?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO DIE!



WHEW! WHAT A DISH! SHE'S TYING UP TRAFFIC!

SIGH!



I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW HOW TO MAKE SURE WE WIN THE RACE! I'LL GET THAT DOLL TO DRIVE THE OTHER RACING CAR I'VE GOT ENTERED!

WON?



WITH HER ON THE TRACK, ALL THE OTHER DRIVERS'LL BE BUSY LOOKING AT HER! YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OFF HER AND YOU CAN BREEZE IN!

IT WON'T BE EASY BUT I'LL DO IT!



IT'S NO USE, MISS TODD! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER LEARN TO DRIVE!

BUT I THOUGHT I WAS DOING BEAUTIFULLY!



DON'T FORGET TO BUY MY SPECIAL SPEED PILLS TODAY, BOYS, IF YOU WANT TO WIN THE RACE!

IT'S OLD MAN ROSE WITH HIS PROXY PILLS AGAIN! BEAT IT, BOSS!

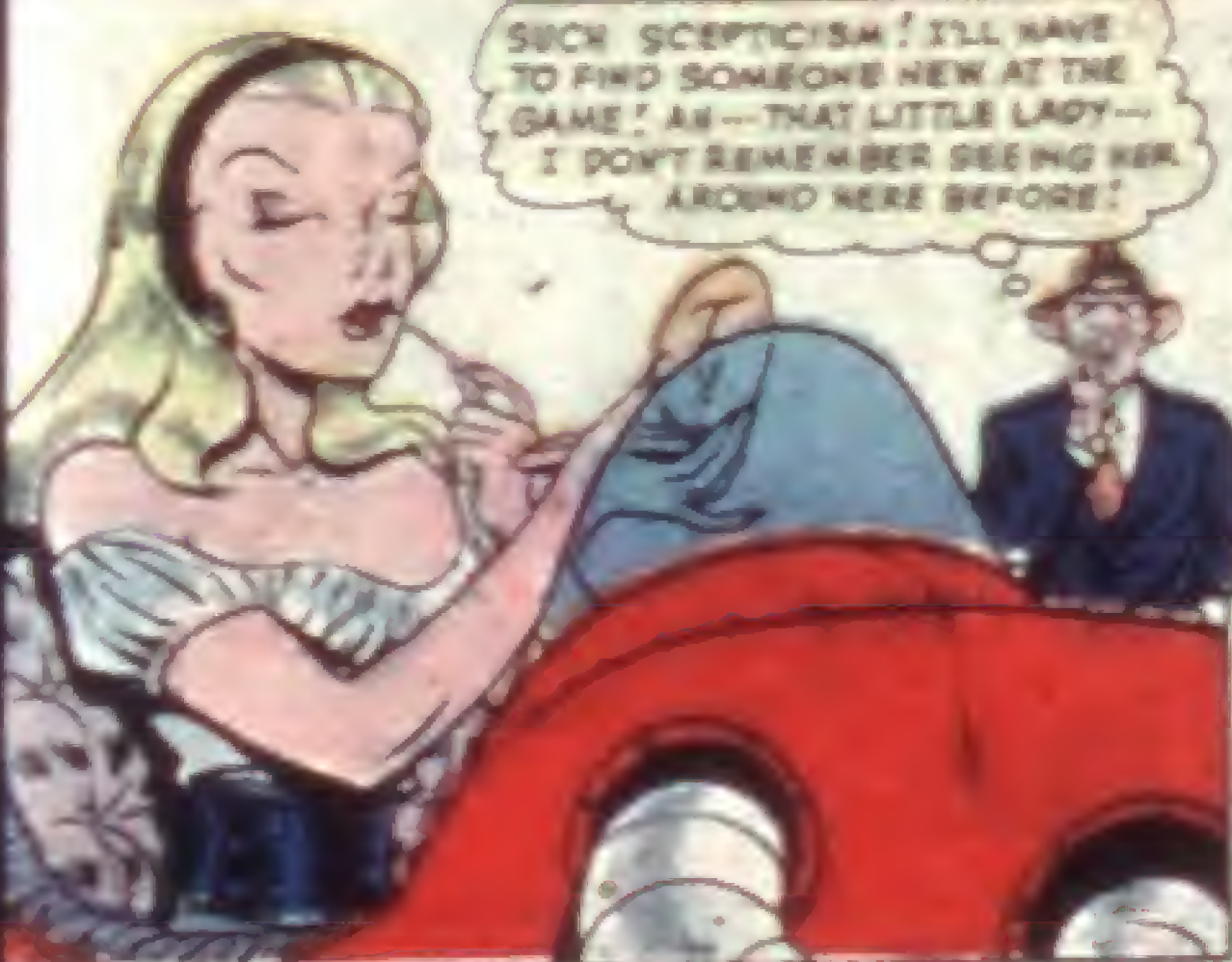


BUT THIS TIME IT'S THE MCCOY, FELLERS! PUT IT IN YOUR GAS TANK AND IN TEN MINUTES IT GOES TO WORK! IT MAKES YOUR CAR MOVE LIKE A JET PLANE!

WUTS! WE AREN'T TAKING ONE THAT AGAIN!



SUCH SCEPTICISM! I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE NEW AT THE GAME! AH--THAT LITTLE LADY-- I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING HER AROUND HERE BEFORE!



...AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE PILLS IN THE GAS TANK! IT'S DIRT CHEAP AT FIVE BUCKS!

IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! I MUST TRY IT!



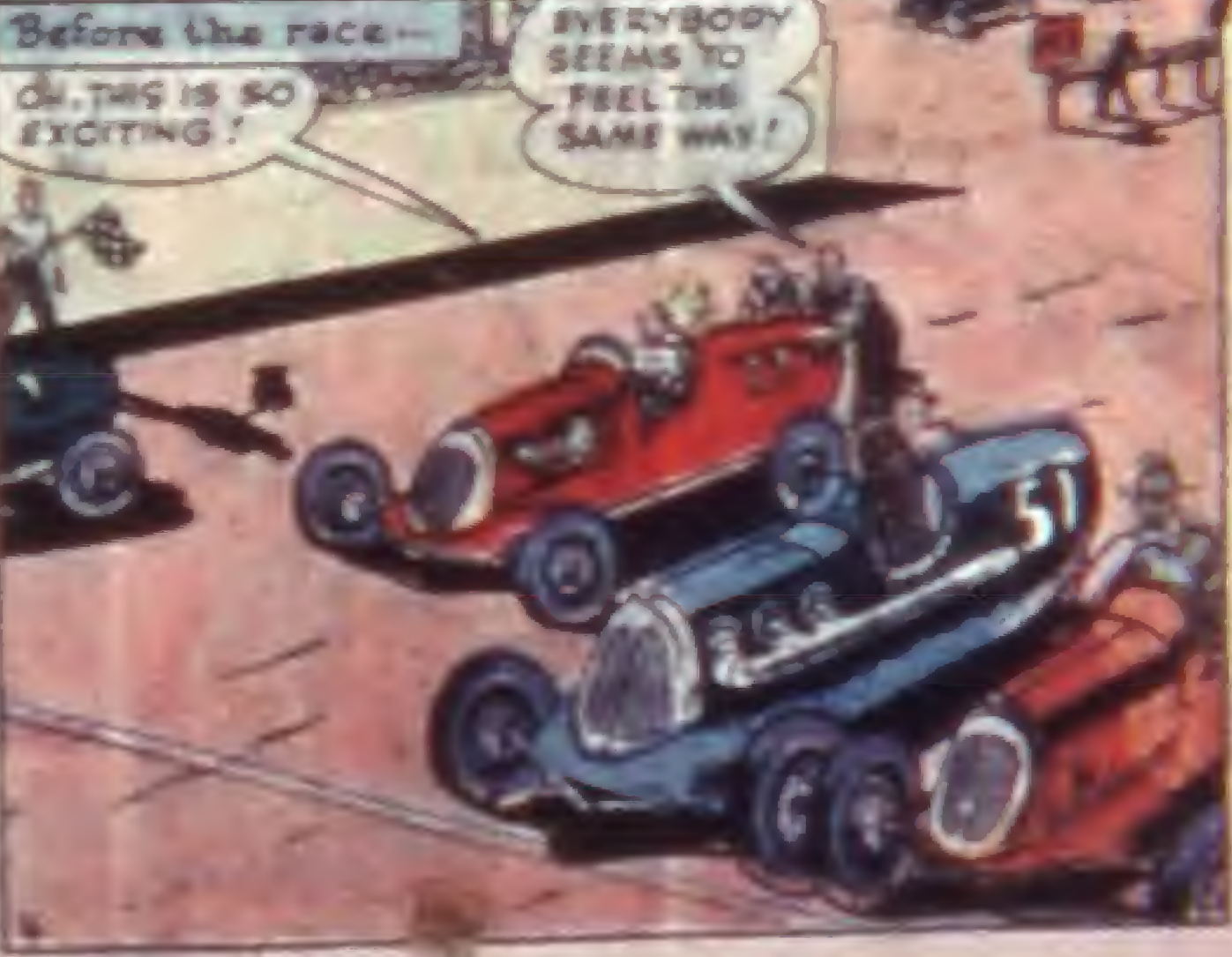
THERE! THE RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON!

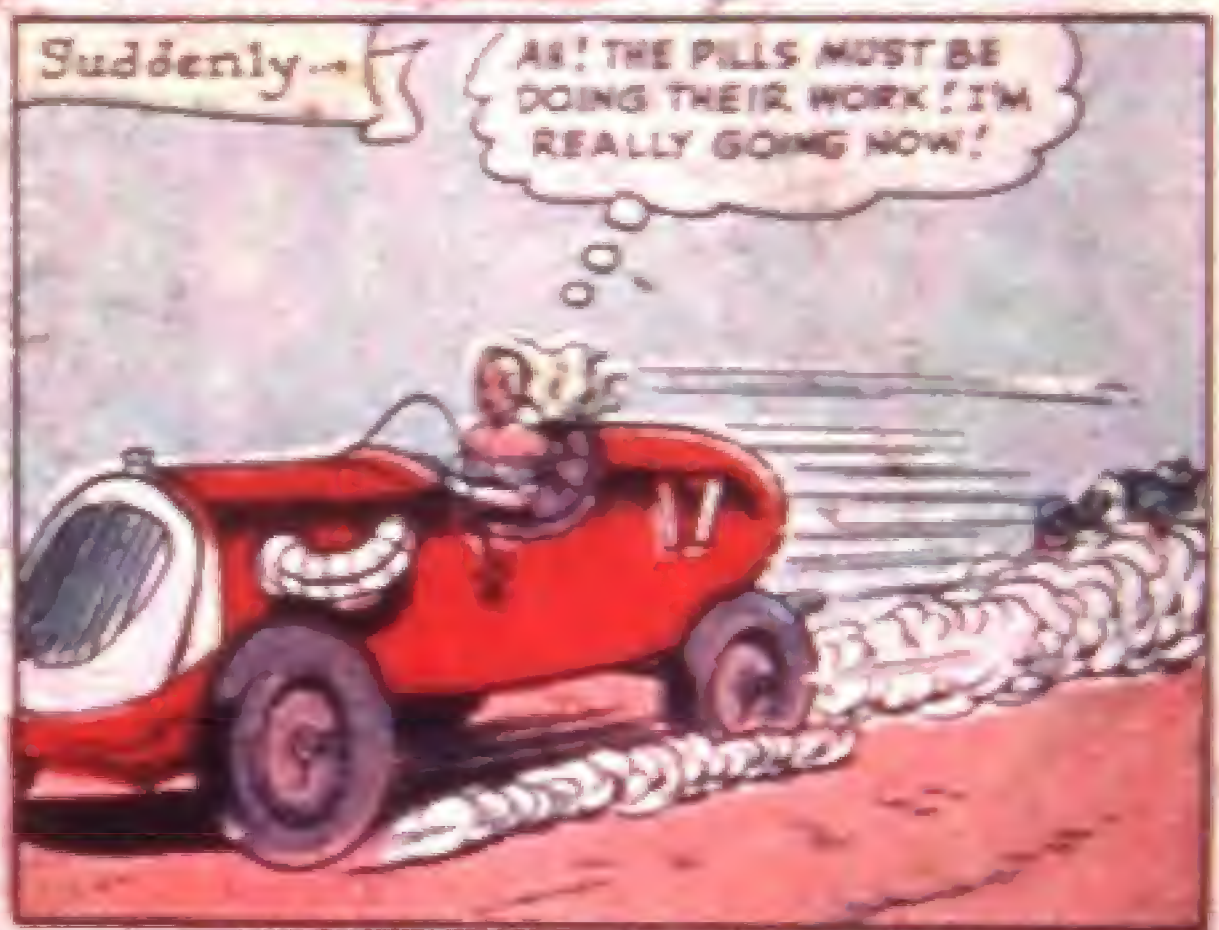
HOW MARVELOUS!



Before the race-- OH, THIS IS SO EXCITING!

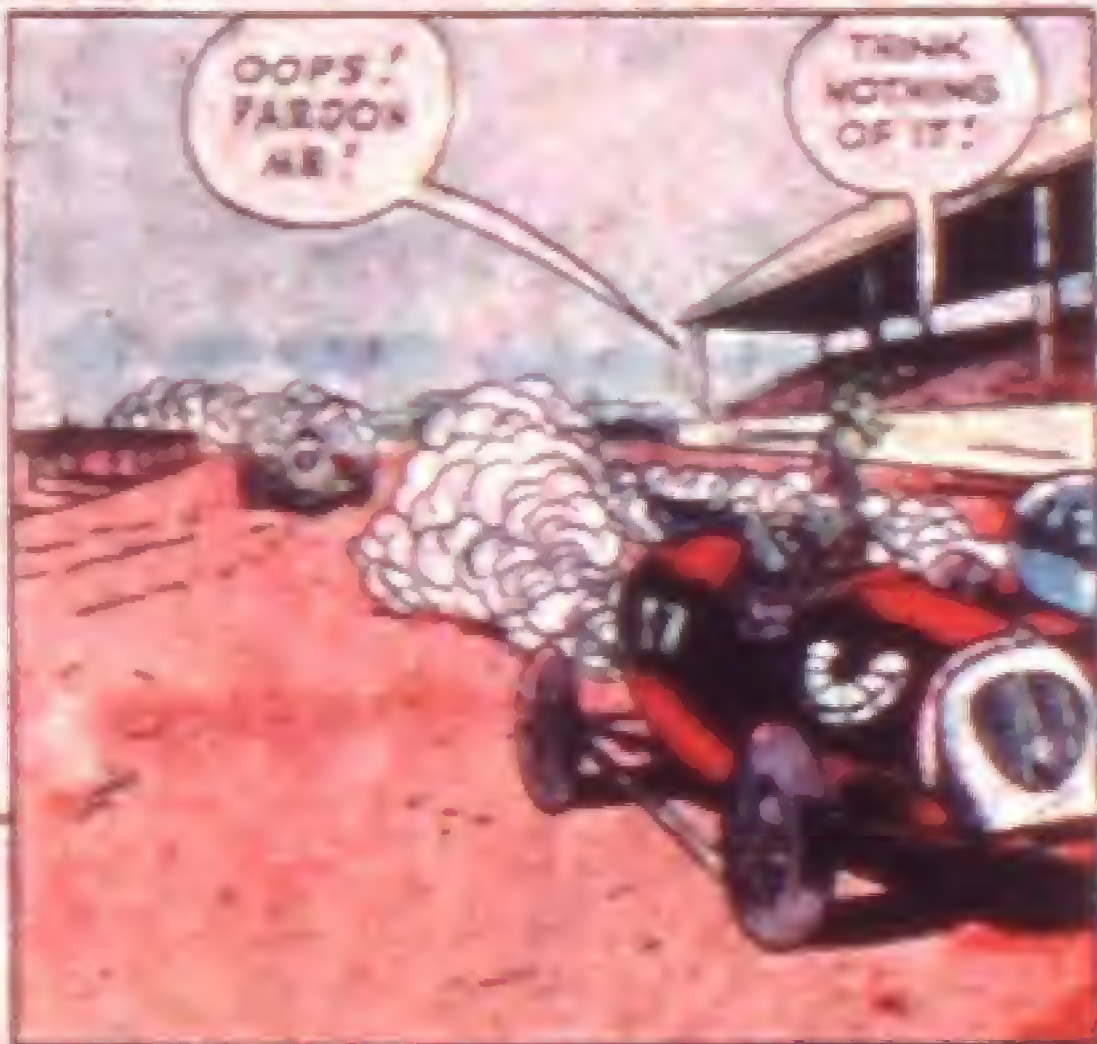
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO FEEL THE SAME WAY!







YARR!
I'M ALIVE
BUT IN THE
WRONG
CAR!



OOPS!
FARDOON
ME!

THINK
NOTHING
OF IT!



DAPE'S IS OUT OF
THE RACE! I'M
SUNK!

IT'S WORTH CRASHING
TO GET WHAT DAPE'S
GOT!



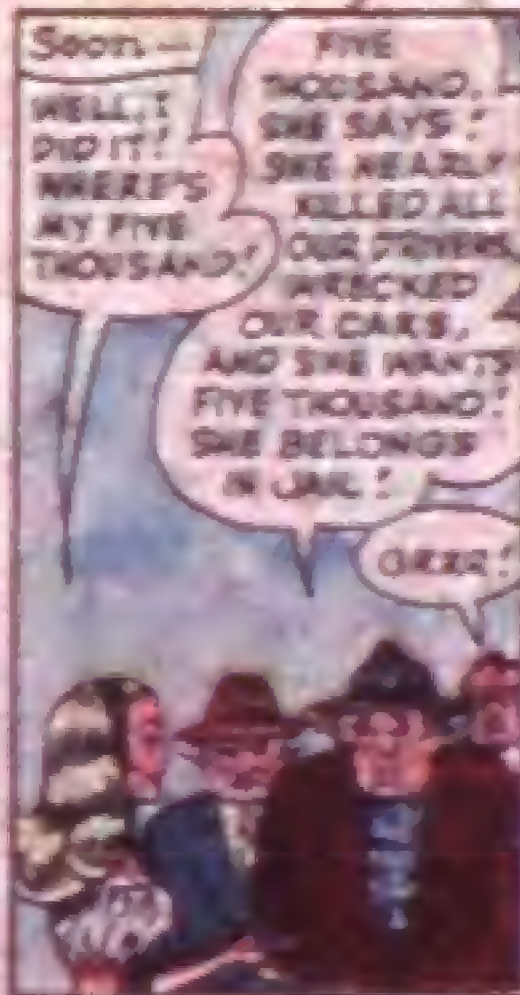
OH, DEAR! WE'RE
SLOWING DOWN!
THE PILLS MUST
BE USED UP!

DAPE'S ISN'T THE
MAN FOR HER!
HAI! SHE SEES
ME!



SHE'S GONNA WIN!
SHE'S FLYING OVER
THE FINISH LINE!

THAT CRASH SENT HER
HEARTLING RIGHT OVER
IT!



SOON...
WELL, I
DID IT!
WHERE'S
MY FIVE
THOUSAND?

FIVE
THOUSAND,
SHE SAYS!
SHE NEARLY
KILLED ALL
OUR MEN,
WRECKED
OUR CARS,
AND SHE WANTS
FIVE THOUSAND!
SHE BELONGS
IN JAIL!

ORRR!



HEY, WILL
THOSE PILLS
MAKE ME
RUN FASTER,
TOO?

IT'S AN
IDEA! I'LL
TRY TO
DEVELOP
A NEW
FORMULA!

TREE OF EVIL

BLACKHAWK chopped through the last fringe of jungle and came out on a narrow, empty beach, unmarked by a human footprint. He looked at his watch and scowled. "The others should have been here first," he muttered. "I took the longest way across the island."

The Blackhawkz had landed at dawn, running down a rumor that Herr Doktor Rouse, fugitive Nazi scientist, had fled here with the downfall of Hitler's empire of evil. They had split up to search the island and meet here on the opposite side. Blackhawk had finished his search without success, but where were the others?

Abruptly he loosened his automatic in its holster, gripped his machete and plunged back into the lush tangle. "They've run into trouble of some kind. I've got to find them."

Almost at once he stumbled onto an ancient trail. With the sharp instinct of danger twitching his nerves, Blackhawk plunged down this vine-choked path. He had not traveled far when he heard the faint, muffled sound of voices shouting. He broke into a run. A moment later he could make out the voices of the individual Blackhawkz shouting, "Help! Blackhawk, help us!"

Gripping his pistol and machete, Blackhawk raced along the old trail and burst out into a clearing. He halted, frozen, gaping at the incredible sight that met his gaze.

A lone tree stood in the center of the clearing, a weird and nightmarish travesty on Nature. Its thick trunk rose some twenty feet, covered with smooth bark that resembled skin. From its abrupt top coiled a mass of tentacle-like branches—and like the arms of an octopus, these branches clutched the members of the Blackhawk band and held them high in the air.

"Blackhawk," yelled Olaf. "Yumping Yudas, don't come any closer. We walked up to examine the tree and just like a devil fish, it got us!"

"It's half animal," panted Chuck. "It keeps trying to ram us down a kind of throat up here on top but there's something caught in there that prevents it."

"Bling an ax," yelled Chop Chop. "Bling dynamite."

After the first shocked paralysis, Blackhawk's cool mind began to function again. "Take it easy, gang. I'll get you loose, somehow. Is its grip too strong to break?"

"Oui," said Andre. "Zee eet strong like a boill."

Blackhawk stabbed the point of his machete into the ground and swiftly thucked the clip of shells from his automatic. From an inner pocket he took a fresh clip, a special clip of dum-dum bullets whose soft, explosive noses mushroomed into vicious destruction upon impact. The automatic loaded, he aimed carefully at one of the thick roots of the tree, protruding from the rich jungle earth.

The gun bucked and flamed, sending crashing echoes around the clearing. A root jumped and splintered. Walking around the edge of the clearing, Blackhawk fired again and again. As the last fat root dissolved into chips, the weird tree gave a convulsive shiver and suddenly all the coiled limbs went limp. Down came the released Blackhawkz, like apples shaken down in a wind.

"Ooof," grunted Hendrickson. "Dot vas a narrow escape, ja? I t'ought you vet crary, shooting at der roots, Blackhawk, but it vorked."

"The way to destroy any evil," Blackhawk said soberly, "is to cut its roots. Give me a boost up, gang. I want to look at this monster's throat."

A moment later he slid down, his face set. "There's a shack beyond the clearing. Let's have a look."

Inside the shack was an elaborate plant laboratory but everything was covered with thick dust and rows of potted plants were shriveled and dead. Stanislaus shook his head. "It's Rouse's lab, all right, and he was apparently creating man-eating plants for some sinister scheme. I wonder where he went or if he'll be back."

"I doubt it," Blackhawk said quietly. "I think Herr Doktor Rouse has created his last monster. It was a human skeleton choking the throat of that tree. Shall we head back for Blackhawk Island?"

Will B GARD







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YOU'RE ONE! HELP ME SELL THESE VACUUM CLEANERS AND WE'LL SPLIT THE COMMISSION!

WELL, FIFTY PERCENT! IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH... BUT I'M NOT A MERCENARY MAN!

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BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST!



THE GENERAL DESIGN IS ADEQUATE BUT THE MOTOR IS OBVIOUSLY NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH!

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT THAT?



GOSH! I'M REGAINING MY CONFIDENCE SINCE YOU'VE BECOME MY PARTNER! THINK OF IT! A SALE... AND A GOLD STAR NEXT TO MY NAME IN THE MAIN OFFICE!

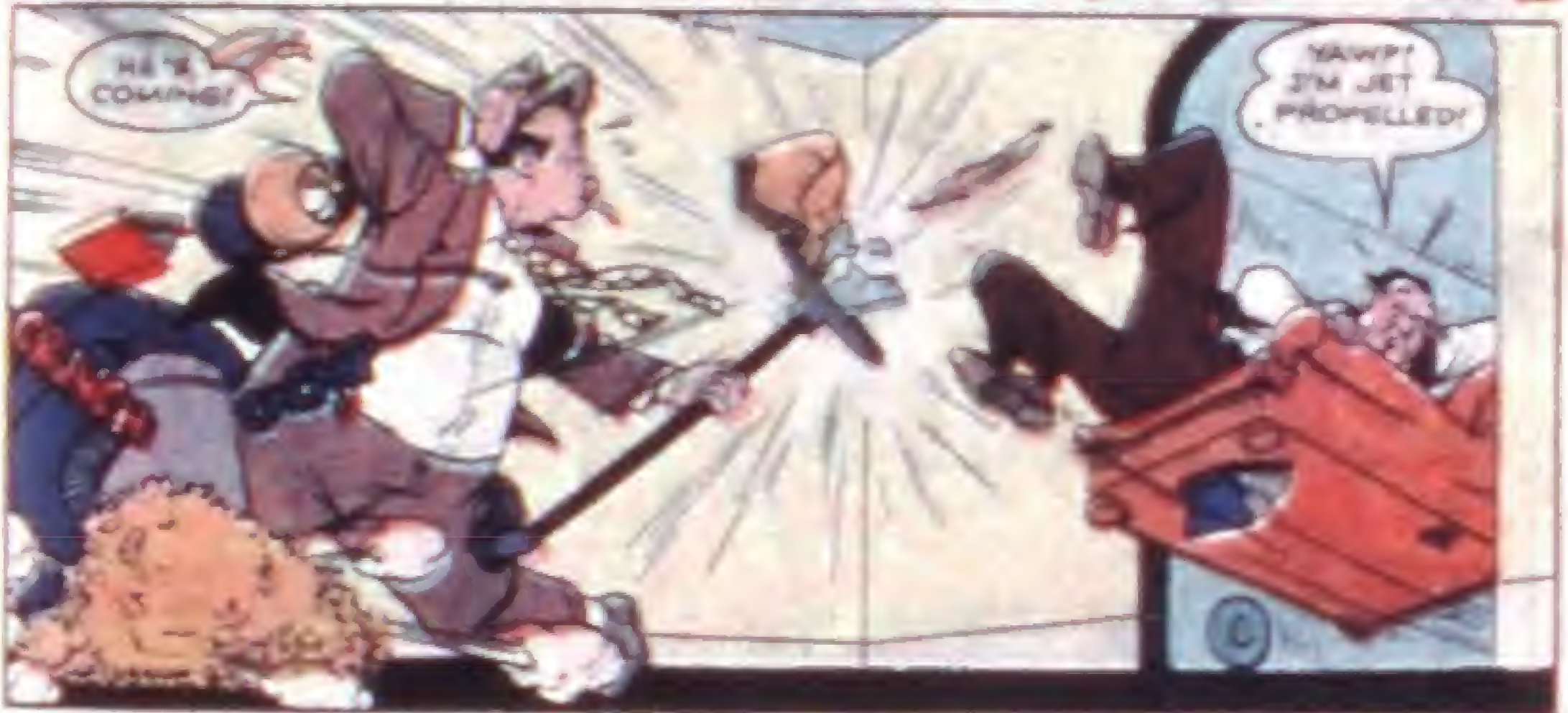


WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IN HERE?

MAKE A FEW CHANGES IN THAT MOTOR!

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